

Passages on personal identity from L. Frank Baum's Oz books

Excerpt from *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1900):

So, while they were walking through the forest, the Tin Woodman told the following story:

“I was born the son of a woodman who chopped down trees in the forest and sold the wood for a living. When I grew up I too became a wood-chopper, and after my father died I took care of my old mother as long as she lived. Then I made up my mind that instead of living alone I would marry, so that I might not become lonely.

“There was one of the Munchkin girls who was so beautiful that I soon grew to love her with all my heart. She, on her part, promised to marry me as soon as I could earn enough money to build a better house for her; so I set to work harder than ever. But the girl lived with an old woman who did not want her to marry anyone, for she was so lazy she wished the girl to remain with her and do the cooking and the housework. So the old woman went to the wicked Witch of the East, and promised her two sheep and a cow if she would prevent the marriage. Thereupon the wicked Witch enchanted my axe, and when I was chopping away at my best one day, for I was anxious to get the new house and my wife as soon as possible, the axe slipped all at once and cut off my left leg.

“This at first seemed a great misfortune, for I knew a one-legged man could not do very well as a wood-chopper. So I went to a tin-smith and had him make me a new leg out of tin. The leg worked very well, once I was used to it; but my action angered the wicked Witch of the East, for she had promised the old woman I should not marry the pretty Munchkin girl. When I began chopping again my axe slipped and cut off my right leg. Again I went to the tinner, and again he made me a leg out of tin. After this the enchanted axe cut off my arms, one after the other; but, nothing daunted, I had them replaced with tin ones. The wicked Witch then made the axe slip and cut off my head, and at first I thought that was the end of me. But the tinner happened to come along, and he made me a new head out of tin.

“I thought I had beaten the wicked Witch then, and I worked harder than ever; but I little knew how cruel my enemy could be. She thought of a new way to kill my love for the beautiful Munchkin maiden, and made my axe slip again, so that it cut right through my body, splitting me into two halves. Once more the tinner came to my help and made me a body of tin, fastening my tin arms and legs and head to it, by means of joints, so that I could move around as well as ever. But, alas! I



had now no heart, so that I lost all my love for the Munchkin girl, and did not care whether I married her or not. I suppose she is still living with the old woman, waiting for me to come after her.

“My body shone so brightly in the sun that I felt very proud of it and it did not matter now if my axe slipped, for it could not cut me. There was only one danger – that my joints would rust; but I kept an oil-can in my cottage and took care to oil myself whenever I needed it. However, there came a day when I forgot to do this, and, being caught in a rainstorm, before I thought of the danger my joints had rusted, and I was left to stand in the woods until you came to help me. It was a terrible thing to undergo, but during the year I stood there I had time to think that the greatest loss I had known was the loss of my heart. While I was in love I was the happiest man on earth; but no one can love who has not a heart, and so I am resolved to ask Oz to give me one. If he does, I will go back to the Munchkin maiden and marry her.”

Both Dorothy and the Scarecrow had been greatly interested in the story of the Tin Woodman, and now they knew why he was so anxious to get a new heart.

“All the same,” said the Scarecrow, “I shall ask for brains instead of a heart; for a fool would not know what to do with a heart if he had one.”

“I shall take the heart,” returned the Tin Woodman; “for brains do not make one happy, and happiness is the best thing in the world.”

Excerpts from *The Tin Woodman of Oz* (1918):

[Notice that the following version of the Tin Woodman’s origin is not quite consistent with the version Baum told in the first Oz book eighteen years earlier.]

“How happened your Majesty to be made of tin, and still be alive?”

“That,” replied the tin man, “is a long story.”

“The longer the better,” said the boy. “Won’t you please tell me the story?”

“If you desire it,” promised the Tin Woodman, leaning back in his tin throne and crossing his tin legs. “I haven’t related my history in a long while, because everyone here knows it nearly as well as I do. But you, being a stranger, are no doubt curious to learn how I became so beautiful and prosperous, so I will recite for your benefit my strange adventures.”

“Thank you,” said Woot the Wanderer, still eating.

“I was not always made of tin,” began the Emperor, “for in the beginning I was a man of flesh and bone and blood and lived in the Munchkin Country of Oz. There I was, by trade, a woodchopper, and contributed my share to the comfort of the Oz people by chopping up the trees of the forest to make firewood, with which the women would cook their meals while the children warmed themselves about the fires. For my home I had a little hut by the edge of the forest, and my life was one of much content until I fell in love with a beautiful Munchkin girl who lived not far away.”

“What was the Munchkin girl’s name?” asked Woot.

“Nimmie Amee. This girl, so fair that the sunsets blushed when their rays fell upon her, lived with a powerful witch who wore silver shoes and who had made the poor child her slave. Nimmie Amee was obliged to work from morning till night for the old Witch of the East, scrubbing and sweeping her hut and cooking her meals and washing her dishes. She had to cut firewood, too, until I found her one day in the forest and fell in love with her. After that, I always brought plenty of firewood to Nimmie Amee and we became very friendly. Finally I asked her to marry me, and she agreed to do so, but the Witch happened to overhear our conversation and it made her very angry, for she did not wish her slave to be taken away from her. The Witch commanded me never to come near Nimmie Amee again, but I told her I was my own master and would do as I pleased, not realizing that this was a careless way to speak to a Witch.

“The next day, as I was cutting wood in the forest, the cruel Witch enchanted my axe, so that it slipped and cut off my right leg.”

“How dreadful!” cried Woot the Wanderer.

“Yes, it was a seeming misfortune,” agreed the Tin Man, “for a one-legged woodchopper is of little use in his trade. But I would not allow the Witch to conquer me so easily. I knew a very skillful mechanic at the other side of the forest, who was my friend, so I hopped on one leg to him and asked him to help me. He soon made me a new leg out of tin and fastened it cleverly to my meat body. It had joints at the knee and at the ankle and was almost as comfortable as the leg I had lost.”

“Your friend must have been a wonderful workman!” exclaimed Woot.

“He was, indeed,” admitted the Emperor. “He was a tinsmith by trade and could make anything out of tin. When I returned to Nimmie Amee, the girl was delighted and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, declaring she was proud of me. The Witch saw the kiss and was more angry than before. When I went to work in the forest, next day, my axe, being still enchanted, slipped and cut off my other leg. Again I hopped – on my tin leg – to my friend the tinsmith, who kindly made me another tin leg and fastened it to my body. So I returned joyfully to Nimmie Amee, who was much pleased with my glittering legs and promised that when we were wed she would always keep them oiled and polished. But the Witch was more furious than ever, and as soon as I raised my axe to chop, it twisted around and cut off one of my arms. The tinsmith made me a tin arm and I was not much worried, because Nimmie Amee declared she still loved me.” ...

The Emperor of the Winkies paused in his story to reach for an oil-can, with which he carefully oiled the joints in his tin throat, for his voice had begun to squeak a little. Woot the Wanderer, having satisfied his hunger, watched this oiling process with much curiosity, but begged the Tin Man to go on with his tale.

“The Witch with the Silver Shoes hated me for having defied her,” resumed the Emperor, his voice now sounding clear as a bell, “and she insisted that Nimmie Amee should never marry me. Therefore she made the enchanted axe cut off my other arm, and the tinsmith also replaced that member with tin, including these finely-jointed hands that you see me using. But, alas! after that, the axe, still enchanted by the cruel Witch, cut my body in two, so that I fell to the ground. Then the

Witch, who was watching from a near-by bush, rushed up and seized the axe and chopped my body into several small pieces, after which, thinking that at last she had destroyed me, she ran away laughing in wicked glee.

“But Nimmie Amee found me. She picked up my arms and legs and head, and made a bundle of them and carried them to the tinsmith, who set to work and made me a fine body of pure tin. When he had joined the arms and legs to the body, and set my head in the tin collar, I was a much better man than ever, for my body could not ache or pain me, and I was so beautiful and bright that I had no need of clothing. Clothing is always a nuisance, because it soils and tears and has to be replaced; but my tin body only needs to be oiled and polished.



“Nimmie Amee still declared she would marry me, as she still loved me in spite of the Witch’s evil deeds. The girl declared I would make the brightest husband in all the world, which was quite true. However, the Wicked Witch was not yet defeated. When I returned to my work the axe slipped and cut off my head, which was the only meat part of me then remaining. Moreover, the old woman grabbed up my severed head and carried it away with her and hid it. But Nimmie Amee came into the forest and found me wandering around helplessly, because I could not see where to go, and she led me to my friend the tinsmith. The faithful fellow at once set to work to make me a tin head, and he had just completed it when Nimmie Amee came running up with my old head, which she had stolen from the Witch. But, on reflection, I considered the tin head far superior to the meat one – I am wearing it yet, so you can see its beauty and grace of outline – and the girl agreed with me that a man all made of tin was far more perfect than one formed of different materials. The tinsmith was as proud of his workmanship as I was, and for three whole days, all admired me and praised my beauty.

“Being now completely formed of tin, I had no more fear of the Wicked Witch, for she was powerless to injure me. Nimmie Amee said we must be married at once, for then she could come to my cottage and live with me and keep me bright and sparkling.

“I am sure, my dear Nick,’ said the brave and beautiful girl – my name was then Nick Chopper, you should be told – ‘that you will make the best husband any girl could have. I shall not be obliged to cook for you, for now you do not eat; I shall not have to make your bed, for tin does not tire or require sleep; when we go to a dance, you will not get weary before the music stops and say you want to go home. All day long, while you are chopping wood in the forest, I shall be able to amuse myself in my own way – a privilege few wives enjoy. There is no temper in your new head, so you will not get angry with me. Finally, I shall take pride in being the wife of the only live Tin Woodman in all the world!’ Which shows that Nimmie Amee was as wise as she was brave and beautiful.”

“I think she was a very nice girl,” said Woot the Wanderer. “But, tell me, please, why were you not killed when you were chopped to pieces?”

“In the Land of Oz,” replied the Emperor, “no one can ever be killed. A man with a wooden leg or a tin leg is still the same man; and, as I lost parts of my meat body by degrees, I always remained the same person as in the beginning, even though in the end I was all tin and no meat.”

“I see,” said the boy, thoughtfully. “And did you marry Nimmie Amee?”

“No,” answered the Tin Woodman, “I did not. She said she still loved me, but I found that I no longer loved her. My tin body contained no heart, and without a heart no one can love. So the Wicked Witch conquered in the end, and when I left the Munchkin Country of Oz, the poor girl was still the slave of the Witch and had to do her bidding day and night.”

“Where did you go?” asked Woot.

“Well, I first started out to find a heart, so I could love Nimmie Amee again; but hearts are more scarce than one would think. One day, in a big forest that was strange to me, my joints suddenly became rusted, because I had forgotten to oil them. There I stood, unable to move hand or foot. And there I continued to stand – while days came and went – until Dorothy and the Scarecrow came along and rescued me. They oiled my joints and set me free, and I’ve taken good care never to rust again.” ...

“Well,” continued the Tin Woodman, “after meeting the Scarecrow and Dorothy, I went with them to the Emerald City, where the Wizard of Oz gave me a heart. But the Wizard’s stock of hearts was low, and he gave me a Kind Heart instead of a Loving Heart, so that I could not love Nimmie Amee any more than I did when I was heartless.”

“Couldn’t the Wizard give you a heart that was both Kind and Loving?” asked the boy.

“No; that was what I asked for, but he said he was so short on hearts, just then, that there was but one in stock, and I could take that or none at all. So I accepted it, and I must say that for its kind it is a very good heart indeed.”

“It seems to me,” said Woot, musingly, “that the Wizard fooled you. It can’t be a very Kind Heart, you know.”

“Why not?” demanded the Emperor.

“Because it was unkind of you to desert the girl who loved you, and who had been faithful and true to you when you were in trouble. Had the heart the Wizard gave you been a Kind Heart, you would have gone back home and made the beautiful Munchkin girl your wife, and then brought her here to be an Empress and live in your splendid tin castle.”

The Tin Woodman was so surprised at this frank speech that for a time he did nothing but stare hard at the boy Wanderer. ...

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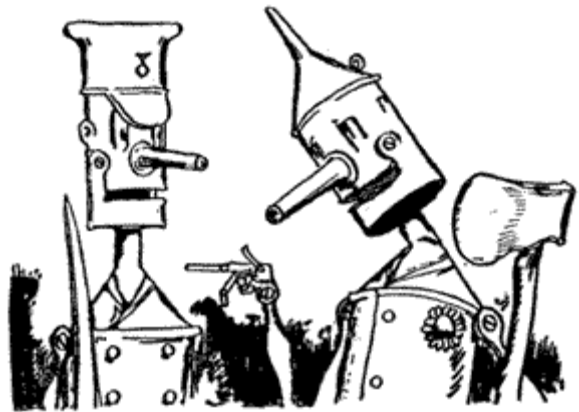
In the path before them stood a tin man who was the exact duplicate of the Tin Woodman. He was of the same size, he was jointed in the same manner, and he was made of shining tin from top to toe. But he stood immovable, with his tin jaws half parted and his tin eyes turned upward. In one of his hands was held a long, gleaming sword. Yes, *there* was the difference, the only thing that distinguished him from the Emperor of the Winkies. This tin man bore a sword, while the Tin Woodman bore an axe. ...

“Are you really a soldier?” asked Woot, when they had all watched this strange tin person parade up and down the path and proudly flourish his sword.

“I *was* a soldier,” was the reply, “but I’ve been a prisoner to Mr. Rust so long that I don’t know exactly *what* I am.”

“But – dear me!” cried the Tin Woodman, sadly perplexed; “how came you to be made of tin?”

“That,” answered the Soldier, “is a sad, sad story. I was in love with a beautiful Munchkin girl, who lived with a Wicked Witch. The Witch did not wish me to marry the girl, so she enchanted my sword, which began hacking me to pieces. When I lost my legs I went to the tinsmith, Ku-Klip, and he made me some tin legs. When I lost my arms, Ku-Klip made me tin arms, and when I lost my head he made me this fine one out of tin. It was the same way with my body, and finally I was all tin. But I was not unhappy, for Ku-Klip made a good job of me, having had experience in making another tin man before me.”



“Yes,” observed the Tin Woodman, “it was Ku-Klip who made me. But, tell me, what was the name of the Munchkin girl you were in love with?”

“She is called Nimmie Amee,” said the Tin Soldier.

Hearing this, they were all so astonished that they were silent for a time, regarding the stranger with wondering looks. Finally the Tin Woodman ventured to ask:

“And did Nimmie Amee return your love?”

“Not at first,” admitted the Soldier. “When first I marched into the forest and met her, she was weeping over the loss of her former sweetheart, a woodman whose name was Nick Chopper.”

“That is me,” said the Tin Woodman.

“She told me he was nicer than a soldier, because he was all made of tin and shone beautifully in the sun. She said a tin man appealed to her artistic instincts more than an ordinary meat man, as I was then. But I did not despair, because her tin sweetheart had disappeared, and could not be found.

And finally Nimmie Amee permitted me to call upon her and we became friends. It was then that the Wicked Witch discovered me and became furiously angry when I said I wanted to marry the girl. She enchanted my sword, as I said, and then my troubles began. When I got my tin legs, Nimmie Amee began to take an interest in me; when I got my tin arms, she began to like me better than ever, and when I was all made of tin, she said I looked like her dear Nick Chopper and she would be willing to marry me.

“The day of our wedding was set, and it turned out to be a rainy day. Nevertheless I started out to get Nimmie Amee, because the Witch had been absent for some time, and we meant to elope before she got back. As I traveled the forest paths the rain wetted my joints, but I paid no attention to this because my thoughts were all on my wedding with beautiful Nimmie Amee and I could think of nothing else until suddenly my legs stopped moving. Then my arms rusted at the joints and I became frightened and cried for help, for now I was unable to oil myself. No one heard my calls and before long my jaws rusted, and I was unable to utter another sound. So I stood helpless in this spot, hoping some wanderer would come my way and save me. But this forest path is seldom used, and I have been standing here so long that I have lost all track of time. In my mind I composed poetry and sang songs, but not a sound have I been able to utter. But this desperate condition has now been relieved by your coming my way and I must thank you for my rescue.”

“This is wonderful!” said the Scarecrow, heaving a stuffy, long sigh. “I think Ku-Klip was wrong to make two tin men, just alike, and the strangest thing of all is that both you tin men fell in love with the same girl.”

“As for that,” returned the Soldier, seriously, “I must admit I lost my ability to love when I lost my meat heart. Ku-Klip gave me a tin heart, to be sure, but it doesn’t love anything, as far as I can discover, and merely rattles against my tin ribs, which makes me wish I had no heart at all.”

“Yet, in spite of this condition, you were going to marry Nimmie Amee?”

“Well, you see I had promised to marry her, and I am an honest man and always try to keep my promises. I didn’t like to disappoint the poor girl, who had been disappointed by one tin man already.”

“That was not my fault,” declared the Emperor of the Winkies, and then he related how he, also, had rusted in the forest and after a long time had been rescued by Dorothy and the Scarecrow and had traveled with them to the Emerald City in search of a heart that could love.

“If you have found such a heart, sir,” said the Soldier, “I will gladly allow you to marry Nimmie Amee in my place.”

“If she loves you best, sir,” answered the Woodman, “I shall not interfere with your wedding her. For, to be quite frank with you, I cannot yet love Nimmie Amee as I did before I became tin.”

“Still, one of you ought to marry the poor girl,” remarked Woot; “and, if she likes tin men, there is not much choice between you. Why don’t you draw lots for her?”

“That wouldn’t be right,” said the Scarecrow.

“The girl should be permitted to choose her own husband,” asserted Polychrome. “You should both go to her and allow her to take her choice. Then she will surely be happy.”

“That, to me, seems a very fair arrangement,” said the Tin Soldier.

“I agree to it,” said the Tin Woodman, shaking the hand of his twin to show the matter was settled. “May I ask your name, sir?” he continued.

“Before I was so cut up,” replied the other, “I was known as Captain Fyter, but afterward I was merely called ‘The Tin Soldier.’”

“Well, Captain, if you are agreeable, let us now go to Nimmie Amee’s house and let her choose between us.”

* * *

The Tin Woodman had just noticed the cupboards and was curious to know what they contained, so he went to one of them and opened the door. There were shelves inside, and upon one of the shelves which was about on a level with his tin chin the Emperor discovered a Head – it looked like a doll’s head, only it was larger, and he soon saw it was the Head of some person. It was facing the Tin Woodman and as the cupboard door swung back, the eyes of the Head slowly opened and looked at him. The Tin Woodman was not at all surprised, for in the Land of Oz one runs into magic at every turn.

“Dear me!” said the Tin Woodman, staring hard. “It seems as if I had met you, somewhere, before. Good morning, sir!”

“You have the advantage of me,” replied the Head. “I never saw you before in my life.”

“Still, your face is very familiar,” persisted the Tin Woodman. “Pardon me, but may I ask if you – eh – if you ever had a Body?”

“Yes, at one time,” answered the Head, “but that is so long ago I can’t remember it. Did you think,” with a pleasant smile, “that I was born just as I am? That a Head would be created without a Body?”

“No, of course not,” said the other. “But how came you to lose your body?”

“Well, I can’t recollect the details; you’ll have to ask Ku-Klip about it,” returned the Head. “For, curious as it may seem to you, my memory is not good since my separation from the rest of me. I still possess my brains and my intellect is as good as ever, but my memory of some of the events I formerly experienced is quite hazy.”

“How long have you been in this cupboard?” asked the Emperor.

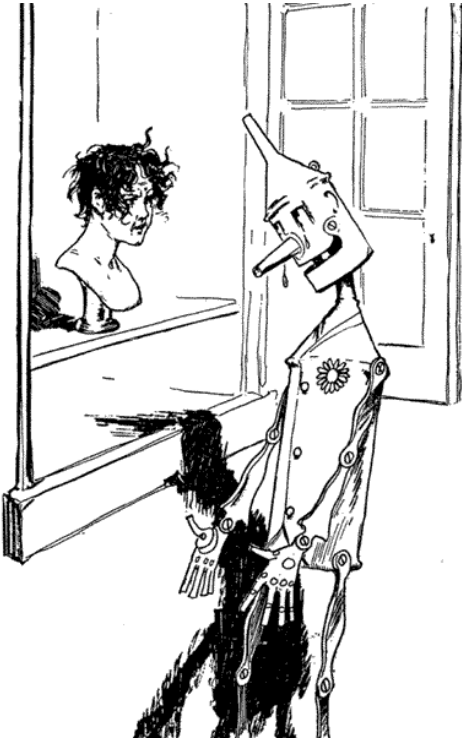
“I don’t know.”

“Haven’t you a name?”

“Oh, yes,” said the Head; “I used to be called Nick Chopper, when I was a woodman and cut down trees for a living.”

“Good gracious!” cried the Tin Woodman in astonishment. “If you are Nick Chopper’s Head, then you are *Me* – or I’m *You* – or – or – What relation *are* we, anyhow?”

“Don’t ask me,” replied the Head. “For my part, I’m not anxious to claim relationship with any common, manufactured article, like you. You may be all right in your class, but your class isn’t my class. You’re tin.”



The poor Emperor felt so bewildered that for a time he could only stare at his old Head in silence. Then he said:

“I must admit that I wasn’t at all bad looking before I became tin. You’re almost handsome – for meat. If your hair was combed, you’d be quite attractive.”

“How do you expect me to comb my hair without help?” demanded the Head, indignantly. “I used to keep it smooth and neat, when I had arms, but after I was removed from the rest of me, my hair got mussed, and old Ku-Klip never has combed it for me.”

“I’ll speak to him about it,” said the Tin Woodman. “Do you remember loving a pretty Munchkin girl named Nimmie Amee?”

“No,” answered the Head. “That is a foolish question. The heart in my body – when I had a body – might have loved someone, for all I know, but a head isn’t made to love; it’s made to think.”

“Oh; do you think, then?”

“I used to think.”

“You must have been shut up in this cupboard for years and years. What have you thought about, in all that time?”

“Nothing. That’s another foolish question. A little reflection will convince you that I have had nothing to think about, except the boards on the inside of the cupboard door, and it didn’t take me long to think of everything about those boards that could be thought of. Then, of course, I quit thinking.”

“And are you happy?”

“Happy? What’s that?”

“Don’t you know what happiness is?” inquired the Tin Woodman.

“I haven’t the faintest idea whether it’s round or square, or black or white, or what it is. And, if you will pardon my lack of interest in it, I will say that I don’t care.”

The Tin Woodman was much puzzled by these answers. His traveling companions had grouped themselves at his back, and had fixed their eyes on the Head and listened to the conversation with much interest, but until now, they had not interrupted because they thought the Tin Woodman had the best right to talk to his own head and renew acquaintance with it.

But now the Tin Soldier remarked:

“I wonder if *my* old head happens to be in any of these cupboards,” and he proceeded to open all the cupboard doors. But no other head was to be found on any of the shelves.

“Oh, well; never mind,” said Woot the Wanderer; “I can’t imagine what anyone wants of a cast-off head, anyhow.”

“I can understand the Soldier’s interest,” asserted Polychrome, dancing around the grimy workshop until her draperies formed a cloud around her dainty form. “For sentimental reasons a man might like to see his old head once more, just as one likes to revisit an old home.”

“And then to kiss it good-bye,” added the Scarecrow.

“I hope that tin thing won’t try to kiss *me* goodbye!” exclaimed the Tin Woodman’s former head. “And I don’t see what right you folks have to disturb my peace and comfort, either.”

“You belong to me,” the Tin Woodman declared.

“I do not!”

“You and I are one.”

“We’ve been parted,” asserted the Head. “It would be unnatural for me to have any interest in a man made of tin. Please close the door and leave me alone.”

“I did not think that my old Head could be so disagreeable,” said the Emperor. “I – I’m quite ashamed of myself; meaning *you*.”

“You ought to be glad that I’ve enough sense to know what my rights are,” retorted the Head. “In this cupboard I am leading a simple life, peaceful and dignified, and when a mob of people in whom I am not interested disturb me, *they* are the disagreeable ones; not I.”

With a sigh the Tin Woodman closed and latched the cupboard door and turned away.

“Well,” said the Tin Soldier, “if my old head would have treated me as coldly and in so unfriendly a manner as your old head has treated you, friend Chopper, I’m glad I could not find it.”

“Yes; I’m rather surprised at my head, myself,” replied the Tin Woodman, thoughtfully. “I thought I had a more pleasant disposition when I was made of meat.” ...

* * *

“By the way,” said the Tin Soldier, “what ever became of *my* old head, Ku-Klip?”

“And of the different parts of our bodies?” added the Tin Woodman.

“Let me think a minute,” replied Ku-Klip. “If I remember right, you two boys used to bring me most of your parts, when they were cut off, and I saved them in that barrel in the corner. You must not have brought me all the parts, for when I made Chopfyt I had hard work finding enough pieces to complete the job. I finally had to finish him with one arm.”

“Who is Chopfyt?” inquired Woot.

“Oh, haven’t I told you about Chopfyt?” exclaimed Ku-Klip. “Of course not! And he’s quite a curiosity, too. You’ll be interested in hearing about Chopfyt. This is how he happened:

“One day, after the Witch had been destroyed and Nimmie Amee had gone to live with her friends on Mount Munch, I was looking around the shop for something and came upon the bottle of Magic Glue which I had brought from the old Witch’s house. It occurred to me to piece together the odds and ends of you two people, which of course were just as good as ever, and see if I couldn’t make a man out of them. If I succeeded, I would have an assistant to help me with my work, and I thought it would be a clever idea to put to some practical use the scraps of Nick Chopper and Captain Fyter. There were two perfectly good heads in my cupboard, and a lot of feet and legs and parts of bodies in the barrel, so I set to work to see what I could do.

“First, I pieced together a body, gluing it with the Witch’s Magic Glue, which worked perfectly. That was the hardest part of my job, however, because the bodies didn’t match up well and some parts were missing. But by using a piece of Captain Fyter here and a piece of Nick Chopper there, I finally got together a very decent body, with heart and all the trimmings complete.”



“Whose heart did you use in making the body?” asked the Tin Woodman anxiously.

“I can’t tell, for the parts had no tags on them and one heart looks much like another. After the body was completed, I glued two fine legs and feet onto it. One leg was Nick Chopper’s and one was Captain Fyter’s and, finding one leg longer than the other, I trimmed it down to make them match. I was much disappointed to find that I had but one arm. There was an extra leg in the barrel, but I could find only one arm. Having glued this onto the body, I was ready for the head, and I had

some difficulty in making up my mind which head to use. Finally I shut my eyes and reached out my hand toward the cupboard shelf, and the first head I touched I glued upon my new man.”

“It was mine!” declared the Tin Soldier, gloomily.

“No, it was mine,” asserted Ku-Klip, “for I had given you another in exchange for it – the beautiful tin head you now wear. When the glue had dried, my man was quite an interesting fellow. I named him Chopfyt, using a part of Nick Chopper’s name and a part of Captain Fyter’s name, because he was a mixture of both your cast-off parts. Chopfyt was interesting, as I said, but he did not prove a very agreeable companion. He complained bitterly because I had given him but one arm – as if it were my fault! – and he grumbled because the suit of blue Munchkin clothes, which I got for him from a neighbor, did not fit him perfectly.”

“Ah, that was because he was wearing my old head,” remarked the Tin Soldier. “I remember that head used to be very particular about its clothes.”

“As an assistant,” the old tinsmith continued, “Chopfyt was not a success. He was awkward with tools and was always hungry. He demanded something to eat six or eight times a day, so I wondered if I had fitted his insides properly. Indeed, Chopfyt ate so much that little food was left for myself; so, when he proposed, one day, to go out into the world and seek adventures, I was delighted to be rid of him. I even made him a tin arm to take the place of the missing one, and that pleased him very much, so that we parted good friends.”

“What became of Chopfyt after that?” the Scarecrow inquired.

“I never heard. He started off toward the east, into the plains of the Munchkin Country, and that was the last I ever saw of him.”

“It seems to me,” said the Tin Woodman reflectively, “that you did wrong in making a man out of our cast-off parts. It is evident that Chopfyt could, with justice, claim relationship with both of us.”

“Don’t worry about that,” advised Ku-Klip cheerfully; “it is not likely that you will ever meet the fellow. And, if you should meet him, he doesn’t know who he is made of, for I never told him the secret of his manufacture. Indeed, you are the only ones who know of it, and you may keep the secret to yourselves, if you wish to.” ...

* * *

Then they heard footsteps approach the door, which slowly opened and revealed a very pretty Munchkin girl standing in the doorway.

“Nimmie Amee!” cried the tin twins.

“That’s my name,” replied the girl, looking at them in cold surprise. “But who can *you* be?”

“Don’t you know me, Nimmie?” said the Tin Woodman. “I’m your old sweetheart, Nick Chopper!”

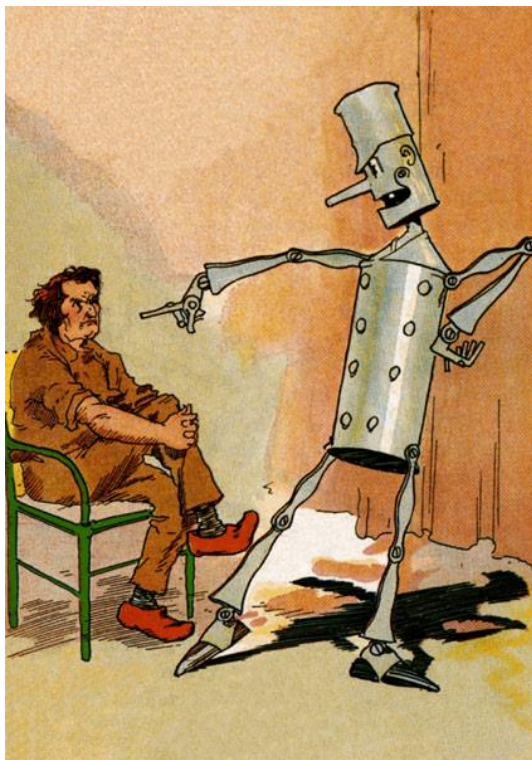
“Don’t you know *me*, my dear?” said the Tin Soldier. “I’m your old sweetheart, Captain Fyter!”

Nimmie Amee smiled at them both. Then she looked beyond them at the rest of the party and smiled again. However, she seemed more amused than pleased.

“Come in,” she said, leading the way inside. “Even sweethearts are forgotten after a time, but you and your friends are welcome.”

The room they now entered was cosy and comfortable, being neatly furnished and well swept and dusted. But they found someone there besides Nimmie Amee. A man dressed in the attractive Munchkin costume was lazily reclining in an easy chair, and he sat up and turned his eyes on the visitors with a cold and indifferent stare that was almost insolent. He did not even rise from his seat to greet the strangers, but after glaring at them he looked away with a scowl, as if they were of too little importance to interest him.

The tin men returned this man’s stare with interest, but they did not look away from him because neither of them seemed able to take his eyes off this Munchkin, who was remarkable in having one tin arm – quite like their own tin arms.



“Seems to me,” said Captain Fyter, in a voice that sounded harsh and indignant, “that you, sir, are a vile impostor!”

“Gently – gently!” cautioned the Scarecrow; “don’t be rude to strangers, Captain.”

“Rude?” shouted the Tin Soldier, now very much provoked; “why, he’s a scoundrel – a thief! *The villain is wearing my own head!*”

“Yes,” added the Tin Woodman, “and he’s wearing my right arm! I can recognize it by the two warts on the little finger.”

“Good gracious!” exclaimed Woot. “Then this must be the man whom old Ku-Klip patched together and named Chopfyt.”

The man now turned toward them, still scowling.

“Yes, that is my name,” he said in a voice like a growl, “and it is absurd for you tin creatures, or for anyone else, to claim my head, or arm, or any part of me, for they are my personal property.”

“You? You’re a Nobody!” shouted Captain Fyter.

“You’re just a mix-up,” declared the Emperor.

“Now, now, gentlemen,” interrupted Nimmie Amee, “I must ask you to be more respectful to poor Chopfyt. For, being my guests, it is not polite for you to insult my husband.”

“Your husband!” the tin twins exclaimed in dismay.

“Yes,” said she. “I married Chopfyt a long time ago, because my other two sweethearts had deserted me.”

This reproof embarrassed both Nick Chopper and Captain Fyter. They looked down, shamefaced, for a moment, and then the Tin Woodman explained in an earnest voice:

“I rusted.”

“So did I,” said the Tin Soldier.

“I could not know that, of course,” asserted Nimmie Amee. “All I knew was that neither of you came to marry me, as you had promised to do. But men are not scarce in the Land of Oz. After I came here to live, I met Mr. Chopfyt, and he was the more interesting because he reminded me strongly of both of you, as you were before you became tin. He even had a tin arm, and that reminded me of you the more.”

“No wonder!” remarked the Scarecrow.

“But, listen, Nimmie Amee!” said the astonished Woot; “he really *is* both of them, for he is made of their cast-off parts.”

“Oh, you’re quite wrong,” declared Polychrome, laughing, for she was greatly enjoying the confusion of the others. “The tin men are still themselves, as they will tell you, and so Chopfyt must be someone else.”

They looked at her bewildered, for the facts in the case were too puzzling to be grasped at once.

“It is all the fault of old Ku-Klip,” muttered the Tin Woodman. “He had no right to use our cast-off parts to make another man with.”

“It seems he did it, however,” said Nimmie Amee calmly, “and I married him because he resembled you both. I won’t say he is a husband to be proud of, because he has a mixed nature and isn’t always an agreeable companion. There are times when I have to chide him gently, both with my tongue and with my broomstick. But he is my husband, and I must make the best of him.”

“If you don’t like him,” suggested the Tin Woodman, “Captain Fyter and I can chop him up with our axe and sword, and each take such parts of the fellow as belong to him. Then we are willing for you to select one of us as your husband.”

“That is a good idea,” approved Captain Fyter, drawing his sword.

“No,” said Nimmie Amee; “I think I’ll keep the husband I now have. He is now trained to draw the water and carry in the wood and hoe the cabbages and weed the flower-beds and dust the furniture

and perform many tasks of a like character. A new husband would have to be scolded – and gently chided – until he learns my ways. So I think it will be better to keep my Chopfyt, and I see no reason why you should object to him. You two gentlemen threw him away when you became tin, because you had no further use for him, so you cannot justly claim him now. I advise you to go back to your own homes and forget me, as I have forgotten you.” ...

“Looks as if we’d had our journey for nothing,” remarked Woot, who was a little ashamed and disappointed because he had proposed the journey.

“I am glad, however,” said the Tin Woodman, “that I have found Nimmie Amee, and discovered that she is already married and happy. It will relieve me of any further anxiety concerning her.”

“For my part,” said the Tin Soldier, “I am not sorry to be free. The only thing that really annoys me is finding my head upon Chopfyt’s body.”

“As for that, I’m pretty sure it is *my* body, or a part of it, anyway,” remarked the Emperor of the Winkies. “But never mind, friend Soldier; let us be willing to donate our cast-off members to insure the happiness of Nimmie Amee, and be thankful it is not our fate to hoe cabbages and draw water – and be chided – in the place of this creature Chopfyt.”

“Yes,” agreed the Soldier, “we have much to be thankful for.” ...

Excerpt from *Dot and Tot of Merryland* (1901):

Almost in front of their path stood a black, woolly dancing bear upon one of its rear legs. It remained perfectly motionless, and the Queen walked up to it and asked:

“Where is Mr. Split?”

“He is in the forest winding up the panthers and in the police patrol house oiling up the wagon, your Majesty,” answered the dancing bear in a weak voice. “I’ve been run down now for over three hours, and expected at least half of Mr. Split to come long ago and start me going again; but he seems especially busy this morning.”

“Yes, there is a great deal of work for him in the Valley,” said the Queen, thoughtfully; “there really should be four of him.”

“But he has only two arms when he is hooked together,” returned the bear; “so there could not be more than two parts of Mr. Split that could hold a key.”

“That is true,” said the Queen. Then she looked up and exclaimed. “Here comes Mr. Left Split now.”

Hopping toward them with wonderful speed was the queerest man the children had seen in all this queer kingdom. He was not, in fact, a complete man, but just half of a man, as if he had been cut in two from the middle of his head straight downward. This left him one ear, one eye, half of a nose

and of a mouth, one arm and one leg. He was dressed in a bright red suit and carried in his hand a brass key.

“Even –, Your Maj –,” he cried out, as he drew near. “Hap – see!”

He meant to say: “Good evening, your Majesty, I’m happy to see you,” but there being only half of him he spoke but half of each word.

“Good evening, Mr. Left Split,” replied the Queen. “I see you are as busy as ever.”

“Ind – am. Anim – al – get – out ord –“ By this he meant to say: “Indeed I am. The animals are always getting out of order.”

“Please wind me up at once,” said the dancing bear, in a complaining tone; “I’ve been run down for three hours.”

“Ver – sor –, but can’t help,” remarked Mr. Left Split, cheerfully, meaning that he was very sorry. He placed the key in a small hole at the back of the bear’s neck and wound it up tightly.

As soon as he withdrew the key the bear began to move its head by slow jerks from side to side, and to rest first upon one leg and then upon the other, as if it were dancing.

“That’s better,” it said, in a more pleasant voice; “I ought to run now until sundown.”

Just then the Queen exclaimed: “Here comes Mr. Right Split,” and the children looked up and saw the other half of the split man coming out of the forest a short distance away. He also had a key in his hand, but when he saw the Queen and her companions he came hopping toward them, saying in his jerky voice “– Ning, – jesty! – Come our – ley.” By which he meant to say: “Good evening, your Majesty! Welcome to our Valley.” But being the right half of the man he spoke on the right half of each word.

As soon as he came up, however, there was an end of this mode of speech, for the right half of Mr. Split placed his flat side close to the left half’s flat side and then with both hands he hooked the two halves together with little brass hooks. Then Mr. Split looked more like a complete man, although the left side was dressed in a bright red suit while the right side wore white, so it was easy to see where he was joined together.

When he had fastened himself securely, which he did with great rapidity, the man spoke, saying, “Your Majesty has found us as busy as ever. The fact is, these animals and cars and merry-go-rounds run down very quickly, and they require so much



attention that this is the first time we have been hooked together since early this morning. It is the same every day, but I try to do my duty, and you will find this Valley in good condition and everything properly cared for.”

“I am sure of that, Mr. Split,” answered the Queen. ...

Excerpt from *The Magical Monarch of Mo (1903):*

A good many years ago, the Magical Monarch of Mo became annoyed by the Purple Dragon, which came down from the mountains and ate up a patch of his best chocolate caramels just as they were getting ripe.

So the King went out to the sword-tree and picked a long, sharp sword, and tied it to his belt and went away to the mountains to fight the Purple Dragon.

The people all applauded him, saying one to another:

“Our King is a good King. He will destroy this naughty Purple Dragon and we shall be able to eat the caramels ourselves.”

But the Dragon was not alone naughty; it was big, and fierce, and strong, and did not want to be destroyed at all.

Therefore the King had a terrible fight with the Purple Dragon and cut it with his sword in several places, so that the raspberry juice which ran in its veins squirted all over the ground.

It is always difficult to kill Dragons. They are by nature thick-skinned and tough, as doubtless every one has heard. Besides, you must not forget that this was a Purple Dragon, and all scientists who have studied deeply the character of Dragons say those of a purple color at the most disagreeable to fight with. So all the King’s cutting and slashing had no effect upon the monster other than to make him angry. Forgetful of the respect due to a crowned King, the wicked Dragon presently opening wide its jaws and bit his Majesty’s head clean off his body. Then he swallowed it.



Of course the King realized it was useless to continue to fight after that, for he could not see where the Dragon was. So he turned and tried to find his way back to his people. But at every other step he

would bump into a tree, which made the naughty Dragon laugh at him. Furthermore, he could not tell in which direction he was going, which is an unpleasant feeling under any circumstances.

At last some of the people came to see if the King had succeeded in destroying the Dragon, and found their monarch running around in a circle, bumping into trees and rocks, but not getting a step nearer home. So they took his hand and led him back to the palace, where every one was filled with sorrow at the sad sight of the headless King. Indeed, his devoted subjects, for the first time in their lives, came as near to weeping as an inhabitant of the Valley of Mo can.

“Never mind,” said the King, cheerfully; “I can get along very well without a head; and, as a matter of fact, the loss has its advantages. I shall not be obliged to brush my hair, or clean my teeth, or wash my ears. So do not grieve, I beg of you, but be happy and joyful as you were before.” Which showed the King had a good heart; and, after all, a good heart is better than a head, any day.

The people, hearing him speak out of his neck (for he had no mouth), immediately began to laugh, which in a short time led to their being as happy as ever.

But the Queen was not contented.

“My love,” she said to him, “I can not kiss you any more, and that will break my heart.”

Thereupon the King sent word throughout the Valley that any one who could procure for him a new head should wed one of the princesses.



The princesses were all exceedingly pretty girls, and so it was not long before one man made a very nice head out of candy and brought it to the King. It did not look exactly like the old head, but the face was very sweet, nevertheless; so the King put it on and the Queen kissed it at once with much satisfaction.

The young man had put a pair of glass eyes in the head, with which the King could see very well after he got used to them.

According to the royal promise, the young man was now called into the palace and asked to take his pick of the princesses. There were all so sweet and lady-like that he had some trouble in making a choice; but at last he took the biggest, thinking that he would thus secure the greatest reward, and they were married amid great rejoicing.

But, a few days afterward, the King was caught out in a rainstorm, and before he could get home his new head had melted in the great shower of lemonade that fell. Only the glass eyes were left, and these he put in his pocket and went sorrowfully to tell the Queen of his new misfortune.

Then another young man who wanted to marry a princess made the King a head out of dough, sticking in it the glass eyes; and the King tried it on and found that it fitted very well. So the young man was given the next biggest princess.

But the following day the sun chance to shine extremely hot, and when the King walked out it baked his dough head into bread, at which the monarch felt very light-headed. And when the birds saw the bread they flew down from the trees, perched upon the King's shoulder and quickly ate up his new head. All but the glass eyes.

Again the good King was forced to go home to the Queen without a head, and the lady firmly declared that this time her husband must have a head warranted to last at least as long as the honeymoon of the young man who made it; which was not at all unreasonable under the circumstances.

So a request was sent to all loyal subjects throughout the Valley asking them to find a head for their King that was neat and substantial.

In the meantime the King had a rather hard time of it. When he wished to go any place he was obliged to hold out in front of him, between his thumbs and fingers, the glass eyes, that they might guide his footsteps. This, as you may imagine, made his Majesty look rather undignified, and dignity is very important to every royal personage.

At last a wood-chopper in the mountains made a head out of wood and sent it to the King. It was neatly carved, besides being solid and durable; moreover, it fitted the monarch's neck to the T. So the King rummaged in his pocket and found the glass eyes, and when these were put in the new head the King announced his satisfaction.

There was only one drawback – he couldn't smile, as the wooden face was too stiff; and it was funny to hear his Majesty laughing heartily while his face maintained a solemn expression. But the glass eyes twinkled merrily and every one knew that he was the same kind-hearted monarch of old, although he had become, of necessity, rather hard-headed.

Then the King sent word to the wood-chopper to come to the palace and take his pick of the princesses, and preparations were at once begun for the wedding.

But the wood-chopper, on his way to the court, unfortunately passed by the dwelling of the Purple Dragon and stopped to speak to the monster.

Now it seems that when the Dragon had swallowed the King's head, the unusual meal made the beast ill. It was more accustomed to berries and caramels for dinner than to heads, and the sharp points of the King's crown (which was firmly fastened to the head) pricked the Dragon's stomach and made the creature miserable. After a few days of suffering the Dragon disgorged the head, and, not knowing what else to do with it, locked it up in a cupboard and put the key in its pocket.

When the Dragon met the wood-chopper and learned he had made a new head for the King, and as a reward was to wed one of the princesses, the monster became very angry. It resolved to do a wicked thing; which will not surprise you when you remember the beast's purple color.

“Step into my parlor and rest yourself,” said the Dragon, politely. Wicked people are most polite when they mean mischief.

“Thank you, I’ll stop for a few minutes,” replied the wood-chopper; “but I can not stay long, as I am expected at court.”

When he had entered the parlor the Dragon suddenly opened its mouth and snapped off the poor wood-chopper’s head. Being warned by experience, however, it did not swallow the head, but placed it in the cupboard. Then the Dragon took from a shelf the King’s head and glued it on the wood-chopper’s neck.

“Now,” said the beast, with a cruel laugh, “you are the King! Go home and claim your wife and your kingdom.”

The poor wood-chopper was much amazed; for at first he did not really know which he was, the King or the wood-chopper.

He looked in the mirror and, seeing the King, made a low bow. Then the King’s head thought: “Who am I bowing to? There is no one greater than the King!” And so at once there began a conflict between the wood-chopper’s heart and the King’s head.

The Dragon was mightily pleased at the result of its wicked stratagem, and having pushed the bewildered wood-chopper out of the castle, immediately sent him on his way to the court.

When the poor man neared the town the people ran out and said: “Why, this is the King come back again. All hail, your Majesty!”

“All nonsense!” returned the wood-chopper. “I am only a poor man with the King’s head on my shoulders. You can easily see it isn’t mine, for it’s crooked; the Dragon didn’t glue it on straight.”

“Where, then, is your own head?” they asked.

“Locked up in the Dragon’s cupboard,” replied the poor fellow, beginning to weep.

“Here,” cried the King’s head; “stop this. You mustn’t cry out of my eyes! The King never weeps.”

“I beg pardon, your Majesty,” said the wood-chopper, meekly, “I’ll not do it again.”

“Well, see that you don’t,” returned the head more cheerfully.

The people were greatly amazed at this, and took the wood-chopper to the palace, where all was soon explained.



When the Queen saw the King's head she immediately kissed it; but the King rebuked her, saying she must kiss only him.

"But it is your head," said the poor Queen.

"Probably it is," replied the King; "but it is on another man. You must confine yourself to kissing my wooden head."

"I'm sorry," sighed the Queen, "for I like to kiss the real head best."

"And so you shall," said the King's head; "I don't approve your kissing that wooden head at all."

The poor lady looked from one to the other in perplexity. Finally a happy thought occurred to her.

"Why don't you trade heads?" she asked.

"Just the thing!" cried the King; and, the wood-chopper consenting, the exchange was made, and the Monarch of Mo found himself in possession of his own head again, whereat he was so greatly pleased that he laughed long and merrily.

The wood-chopper, however, did not even smile. He couldn't because of the wooden face. The head he had made for the King he now was compelled to wear himself.

"Bring hither the princesses," commanded the King. "This good man shall choose his bride at once, for he has restored to me my own head."

But when the princesses arrived and saw that the wood-chopper had a wooden head, they each and all refused to marry him, and begged so hard to escape that the King was in a quandary.

"I promised him one of my daughters," he argued, "and a King never breaks his word."

"But he hadn't a wooden head then," explained one of the girls.

The King realized the truth of this. Indeed, when he came to look carefully at the wooden head, he did not blame his daughters for not wishing to marry it. Should he force one of them to consent, it was not unlikely she would call her husband a blockhead – a term almost certain to cause trouble in any family.

After giving the matter deep thought, the King resolved to go to the Purple Dragon and oblige it to give up the wood-chopper's head.

So all the fighting men in the kingdom were got together, and, having picked ripe swords off the sword-trees, they marched in a great body to the Dragon's castle.

Now the Purple Dragon realized that if it attempted to fight all this army, it would perhaps be cut to pieces; so it retired within its castle and refused to come out.

The wood-chopper was a brave man.

“I’ll go in and fight the Dragon alone,” he said; and in he went. By this time the Dragon was both frightened and angry, and the moment it saw the man it rushed forward and made a snap at his head.



The wooden head came off at once, and the Dragon’s long, sharp teeth got stuck in the wood and would not come out again; so the monster was unable to do anything but flop its tail and groan.

The wood-chopper now ran to the cupboard, took out his head and placed it upon his shoulders where it belonged. Then he proudly walked out of the castle and was greeted with loud shouts by the army, which carried him back in triumph to the King’s palace.

And, now that he wore his own head again, one of the prettiest of the young princesses willingly agreed to marry him; so the wedding ceremony was performed amidst great rejoicing. ...

Excerpt from *Ozma of Oz* (1907):

Princess Langwidere’s sitting-room was panelled with great mirrors, which reached from the ceiling to the floor; also the ceiling was composed of mirrors, and the floor was of polished silver that reflected every object upon it. So when Langwidere sat in her easy chair and played soft melodies upon her mandolin, her form was mirrored hundreds of times, in walls and ceiling and floor, and whichever way the lady turned her head she could see and admire her own features. This she loved to do, and just as the maid entered she was saying to herself:

“This head with the auburn hair and hazel eyes is quite attractive. I must wear it more often than I have done of late, although it may not be the best of my collection.”

“You have company, Your Highness,” announced the maid, bowing low.

“Who is it?” asked Langwidere, yawning.

“Dorothy Gale of Kansas, Mr. Tiktok and Billina,” answered the maid.

“What a queer lot of names!” murmured the Princess, beginning to be a little interested. “What are they like? Is Dorothy Gale of Kansas pretty?”

“She might be called so,” the maid replied.

“And is Mr. Tiktok attractive?” continued the Princess.

“That I cannot say, Your Highness. But he seems very bright. Will Your Gracious Highness see them?”

“Oh, I may as well, Nanda. But I am tired admiring this head, and if my visitor has any claim to beauty I must take care that she does not surpass me. So I will go to my cabinet and change to No. 17, which I think is my best appearance. Don’t you?”

“Your No. 17 is exceedingly beautiful,” answered Nanda, with another bow.

Again the Princess yawned. Then she said:

“Help me to rise.”

So the maid assisted her to gain her feet, although Langwidere was the stronger of the two; and then the Princess slowly walked across the silver floor to her cabinet, leaning heavily at every step upon Nanda’s arm.

Now I must explain to you that the Princess Langwidere had thirty heads – as many as there are days in the month. But of course she could only wear one of them at a time, because she had but one neck. These heads were kept in what she called her “cabinet,” which was a beautiful dressing-room that lay just between Langwidere’s sleeping-chamber and the mirrored sitting-room. Each head was in a separate cupboard lined with velvet. The cupboards ran all around the sides of the dressing-room, and had elaborately carved doors with gold numbers on the outside and jewelled-framed mirrors on the inside of them.



When the Princess got out of her crystal bed in the morning she went to her cabinet, opened one of the velvet-lined cupboards, and took the head it contained from its golden shelf. Then, by the aid of the mirror inside the open door, she put on the head – as neat and straight as could be – and afterward called her maids to robe her for the day. She always wore a simple white costume, that suited all the heads. For, being able to change her face whenever she liked, the Princess had no interest in wearing a variety of gowns, as have other ladies who are compelled to wear the same face constantly.

Of course the thirty heads were in great variety, no two formed alike but all being of exceeding loveliness. There were heads with golden hair, brown hair, rich auburn hair and black hair; but none with gray hair. The heads had eyes of blue, of gray, of hazel, of brown and of black; but there were no red eyes among them, and all were bright and handsome. The noses were Grecian, Roman, retroussé and Oriental, representing all types of beauty; and the mouths were of assorted sizes and shapes, displaying pearly teeth when the heads smiled. As for dimples, they appeared in cheeks and

chins, wherever they might be most charming, and one or two heads had freckles upon the faces to contrast the better with the brilliancy of their complexions.

One key unlocked all the velvet cupboards containing these treasures – a curious key carved from a single blood-red ruby – and this was fastened to a strong but slender chain which the Princess wore around her left wrist.

When Nanda had supported Langwidere to a position in front of cupboard No. 17, the Princess unlocked the door with her ruby key and after handing head No. 9, which she had been wearing, to the maid, she took No. 17 from its shelf and fitted it to her neck. It had black hair and dark eyes and a lovely pearl-and-white complexion, and when Langwidere wore it she knew she was remarkably beautiful in appearance.

There was only one trouble with No. 17; the temper that went with it (and which was hidden somewhere under the glossy black hair) was fiery, harsh and haughty in the extreme, and it often led the Princess to do unpleasant things which she regretted when she came to wear her other heads.

But she did not remember this today, and went to meet her guests in the drawing-room with a feeling of certainty that she would surprise them with her beauty.

However, she was greatly disappointed to find that her visitors were merely a small girl in a gingham dress, a copper man that would only go when wound up, and a yellow hen that was sitting contentedly in Langwidere's best work-basket, where there was a china egg used for darning stockings.¹

“Oh!” said Langwidere, slightly lifting the nose of No. 17. “I thought some one of importance had called.”

“Then you were right,” declared Dorothy. “I'm a good deal of 'portance myself, and when Billina lays an egg she has the proudest cackle you ever heard. As for Tiktok, he's the –“

“Stop – Stop!” commanded the Princess, with an angry flash of her splendid eyes. “How dare you annoy me with your senseless chatter?”

“Why, you horrid thing!” said Dorothy, who was not accustomed to being treated so rudely.

The Princess looked at her more closely.

“Tell me,” she resumed, “are you of royal blood?”

“Better than that, ma'am,” said Dorothy. “I came from Kansas.”

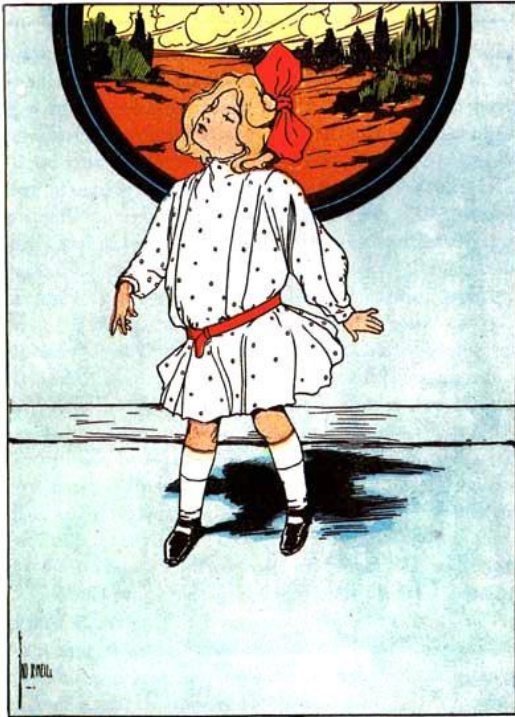
¹ It may surprise you to learn that a princess ever does such a common thing as darn stockings. But, if you will stop to think, you will realize that a princess is sure to wear holes in her stockings, the same as other people; only it isn't considered quite polite to mention the matter.

“Huh!” cried the Princess, scornfully. “You are a foolish child, and I cannot allow you to annoy me. Run away, you little goose, and bother some one else.”

Dorothy was so indignant that for a moment she could find no words to reply. But she rose from her chair, and was about to leave the room when the Princess, who had been scanning the girl’s face, stopped her by saying, more gently:

“Come nearer to me.”

Dorothy obeyed, without a thought of fear, and stood before the Princess while Langwidere examined her face with careful attention.



“You are rather attractive,” said the lady, presently. “Not at all beautiful, you understand, but you have a certain style of prettiness that is different from that of any of my thirty heads. So I believe I’ll take your head and give you No. 26 for it.”

“Well, I b’lieve you won’t!” exclaimed Dorothy.

“It will do you no good to refuse,” continued the Princess; “for I need your head for my collection, and in the Land of Ev my will is law. I never have cared much for No. 26, and you will find that it is very little worn. Besides, it will do you just as well as the one you’re wearing, for all practical purposes.”

“I don’t know anything about your No. 26, and I don’t want to,” said Dorothy, firmly. “I’m not used to taking cast-off things, so I’ll just keep my own head.”

“You refuse?” cried the Princess, with a frown.

“Of course I do,” was the reply.

“Then,” said Langwidere, “I shall lock you up in a tower until you decide to obey me. Nanda,” turning to her maid, “call my army.”

Nanda rang a silver bell, and at once a big fat colonel in a bright red uniform entered the room, followed by ten lean soldiers, who all looked sad and discouraged and saluted the princess in a very melancholy fashion.

“Carry that girl to the North Tower and lock her up!” cried the Princess, pointing to Dorothy.

“To hear is to obey,” answered the big red colonel, and caught the child by her arm. But at that moment Tiktok raised his dinner-pail and pounded it so forcibly against the colonel’s head that the big officer sat down upon the floor with a sudden bump, looking both dazed and very much astonished. ...

Excerpt from *Sky Island* (1912):

The servants were all richly attired in blue silk liveries and they seemed disposed to resent the fact that these strangers had been added to their ranks. They scowled and muttered and behaved in a very unfriendly way, even after Captain Ultramarine had explained that the newcomers were merely base slaves, and not to be classed with the free royal servants of the palace.

One of those present, however, showed no especial enmity to Button-Bright and Cap'n Bill, and this Blueskin attracted the boy's notice because his appearance was so strange. He looked as if he were made of two separate men, each cut through the middle and then joined together, half of one to half of the other. One side of his blue hair was curly and the other half straight; one ear was big and stuck out from the side of his head, while the other ear was small and flat; one eye was half shut and twinkling while the other was big and staring; his nose was thin on one side and flat on the other, while one side of his mouth curled up and the other down. Button-Bright also noticed that he limped as he walked, because one leg was a trifle longer than the other, and that one hand was delicate and slender and the other thick and hardened by use.



“Don’t stare at him,” a voice whispered in the boy’s ear; “the poor fellow has been patched, that’s all.”

Button-Bright turned to see who had spoken and found by his side a tall young Blueskin with a blue-gold chain around his neck. He was quite the best looking person the boy had seen in Sky Island and he spoke in a pleasant way and seemed quite friendly. But the two-sided man had overheard the remark and he now stepped forward and said, in a careless tone:

“Never mind; it’s no disgrace to be patched in a country ruled by such a cruel Boolooroo as we have. Let the boy look at me, if he wants to; I’m not pretty, but that’s not my fault. Blame the Boolooroo.”

“I – I’m glad to meet you, sir,” stammered Button-Bright. “What is *your* name, please?”

“I’m now named Jimfred Jonesjinks, and my partner is called Fredjim Jinksjones. He’s busy at present guarding the Treasure Chamber, but I’ll introduce you to him when he comes back. We’ve had the misfortune to be patched, you know.”

“What is being patched?” asked the boy.

“They cut two of us in halves and mismatch the halves – half of one to half of the other, you know – and then the other two halves are patched together. It destroys our individuality and makes us complex creatures, so it’s the worst punishment than can be inflicted in Sky Island.”

“Oh,” said Button-Bright, alarmed at such dreadful butchery; “doesn’t it hurt?”

“No; it doesn’t hurt,” replied Jimfred, “but it makes one frightfully nervous. They stand you under a big knife, which drops and slices you neatly in two – exactly in the middle. Then they match half of you to another person who has likewise been sliced – and there you are, patched to someone you don’t care about and haven’t much interest in. If your half wants to do something, the other half is likely to want to do something different, and the funny part of it is you don’t quite know which is your half and which is the other half. It’s a terrible punishment, and in a country where one can’t die or be killed until he has lived his six hundred years, to be patched is a great misfortune.” ...

